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512 rejoice, for they know that Kuma, the goddess creator of all things,
517 is content with them and is sending them a greeting in token thereof.
776 On the wings of the wind comes the roar of the araguatos.

But life starts in the east and ends in the west. The day is done and the night comes on. The Yaruros turn to face the east to watch
821 the beginning of star travel and also the fiery appearance of the
776 moon and its transformation to a chaste white. The sands glisten and above flash "falling stars", but the Yaruros say that these are messengers of Kuma doing their errands.

512 Then the women roll cigars, light them, and pass them to their men.
296 Everyone smokes and there is great contentment. There is reluctance
462 to stand up, so if a woman has to fetch some object, say a firebrand,
[576] she will crawl on all fours, looking not unlike some large but indescribably graceful ape.

When several stars of the big dipper have appeared the women
512 rise in a body and walk into the darkness west of the camp. They
462 disappear from sight and hearing. What mysteries they perform they only know. The men are left alone and they talk about heaven. The children play merrily.

The women return and quietly take their places, ready to prepare more cigars. It is good to lie naked on the sand looking at the sky,
1060 listening to nature's symphony. With the same persistent effortless rhythm of the pulse beat the world outside of the individual is felt. There is the merry laughter of the children and the soft, deep, contented gurgle of the women; the soft voice of the shaman painting religious pictures, explaining existence; the murmur of the wind as a background to the calls of night birds, and the blowing of toninos, the splash of frolicsome fishes, the intermittent howl of the monkeys, the bark of the wolf, the roar of the jaguar; and the warmth of a full stomach.

512 A figure may detach itself from the camp shadows and disappear
796 in the darkness of the west. Several young men may afterwards take the same path—to join the shaman in his preparations for communion with the gods. They leave behind them a feeling of expectation but nothing is said. Someone has put up a bare pole where the sand is hard packed.

796 The shaman returns and goes to sit in front of the pole facing the
791 east. He sits quietly and alone in deep reverie. Later he may ask for a cigar. His wife will supply him with one.

After a period of contemplation he may begin to sing and dance. His people will join him. The music will become more and more animated, the singing and dancing will be done with increasing abandon. The stars and the moon will go their ways to rest in the west.
512 It is only when the sun peeps over the eastern horizon that they will

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songs. His nephew went to stand behind him; his son went forward to stand at the left shoulder of his cousin. These two boys joined in the singing, repeating Landaeta's song stanza after stanza. A few women, led by Landaeta's wife and daughter, went to stand at his right side, and joined the boys in answering the songs of the shaman. They stood there in front of the pole singing until the Southern Cross hung high in the sky. Then Landaeta's wife took a gourd rattle from the basket and gave it to her husband, who immediately began to shake it, its liquid tone blending harmoniously with the voices. The singers became more animated when they heard the rattle, and soon they began to dance, jerking the body forward and backward, rhythmically and in unison. At times Landaeta would shake his rattle violently and his voice would betray his deep excitement. His wife from time to time would give a lighted cigarette to him, holding it to his mouth until it was consumed. At midnight the shaking of the rattle became more frequent and more violent, and finally, in the middle of one song, everyone began to move around the pole. The women put their right hands on the shoulder of the one ahead, and soon were running and stamping the right foot as they did so. The men formed an inner circle, dancing one behind the other. At the end of each song they paused for a moment lined up in their original positions. As the night wore on, both singing and dancing became more and more animated until the shaman appeared to be in a frenzy. His voice rose in pitch, his rhythm was faster, and more strongly accentuated, and all sang with greater feeling. The shaman danced in jerky movements, bending and twisting his body, half spinning about, first one way then the other, until he seemed to be quivering all over. The dance around the pole became almost a mad run, made more difficult by the soft sands and the complex movements of the body. The men would leap high and as the right foot was stamped in unison, a resonant beat was produced that seemed to blend with the pulsating roar of the howlers brought to us by the wind, and marked off by the rich rattling of the gourd and the choral singing. In the morning hours the wind rose again, blew more violently, and the roar of the monkeys became stronger, and the Yaruros sang passionately. It was then, when the morning star was already high, and dawn lighted the eastern horizon, that they stopped.

The sun awoke me, and though I had slept barely two hours I felt quite refreshed. I sat up to look about me. There was the vast stretch of sand, the fringe of jungle, and the sparkling river. My Yaruros were sleeping half buried in the sand, behind basketry to shelter themselves from the wind. The vultures were already at the piles of refuse, feasting on crocodiles and turtles. Soon the sun awoke my friends, and they too sat up to gaze quietly at the western sky where they believe their gods live.

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invention offers a perfect refuge, even though it is only a philosophical one.

Mechanical aids to the shaman, in addition to his own psychological make-up, are: music and dance; tobacco, which he consumes in great quantities during his performance; tcuipah, a root with narcotic properties; caroto, which is a fermented or unfermented mixture of crushed maize and water, or manioc and water, and when obtainable, white rum. The extent to which these stimulants are used can be illustrated by the observations which are made in the course of one all-night performance: The shaman consumed 42 cigarettes which I offered him, about 100 cigars, which consisted of several strips of tobacco leaf wrapped in a thick green leaf obtained from one of the trees along the bank, about 6 inches of the tcuipah root, and about 2 quarts of the fermented maize-and-water mixture. Since these narcotics and stimulants were taken hurriedlly and in great quantities, it must have had a terrific physiological effect upon him. For instance, every cigarette and cigar was smoked completely through in 10 seconds. Each musical stanza lasted from about 10 to 15 seconds. He sang it first and then it was repeated by his people. It was during this repetition of his song that the shaman inhaled as much of the tobacco smoke as possible and then exhaled it just before commencing a new stanza.

In contrast with the rather violent shamanistic performance of the male shaman, the women do not seem to depend very much on narcotics. During the day the men are not permitted to sing or whistle, but the women may lie in their hammocks and sing. They may take small quantities of all of these narcotics, but as far as my observation went I never saw any of them consume any great quantity.

The spiritual world of the shaman is quite different from the everyday realistic world. A comparison of the carvings on the gourd rattles with the realistic carvings of the asabache made by anyone greatly demonstrates this. In the latter form of art expression, animals, birds, and scenes are copied with great accuracy and skill. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that if the shaman were to attempt the realistic representation of the spirit world he could do so, but he has chosen to portray the various gods and spirits almost symbolically. Kuma and Hatchawa were always represented holding up their hands. It is this position which is read into the western skies whenever at sunset there occurs a phenomenon described above. The rays of light emanating from the horizon represent the fingers of the hands of the gods.

The form of the dance has been described. It starts off as a simple walk around a pole and it may become a fast run in the evening,

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787 shaman eventually returned to us, being fed and greeted with affection by all.

The singing stopped at 6 o'clock. A number of rather remarkable facts are to be emphasized.

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796 1. By actual count the shaman sang no less than 3,000 musical phrases and verses and about 800 stanzas without any breaks or rest, ever changing the words, and subject matter, and jumping from one thing to another at a very fast tempo. How the shaman could make up his verses so quickly, while the people repeated the previous verse, is not easy to understand.

2. He shook the rattle without ceasing a moment, with the same sidewise motion of the hand, most violently for nine and a half hours.

[516] 3. He sat in the same posture—left leg doubled under him, right leg in cross-leg position, for the entire time. Not once did he move.

[276] 4. He smoked the long cigars with the thick leaves without taking them out of his mouth, producing so much smoke that I choked and my eyes smarted from it. He must have smoked at least 75 of them, and probably over a hundred. He smoked 35 cigarettes, in addition, in the same way.

[273] 5. He drank about 2 gallons of unfermented crushed maize in water.

The music was spirited and had a swing with the emphasis on the off beat that is as effective, if not more so, than the negro spiritual.

After the all-night singing there was a lull in the morning, everyone snatching a wink of sleep, but by the time I had finished writing and medicating my foot the men crowded around to tell me of the night's experiences. At noon the women started singing, sitting in their hammocks, and they kept this up until late in the day. They were singing mostly about me. I noticed that their songs seemed to be of a simpler sort and more monotonous than those of the men, generally consisting of one verse repeated over and over again to form the [198] stanza. They sang in the women's language.

JUAN BARIO ON THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT

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776 Panemé Tsió brought a horse for the shaman to go to Kuma's house. Panemé Tsió is represented as a sort of "boss" of the figurines found in the sands. Then came the father of Fernando. He said that they should live well here and warned him not to mistreat his wife (talking to son-in-law). Then came the father of Brigida. He said that the new wife of his grandson should treat her husband well and vice versa. Then came a brother of Brigida. He said that he is wealthy in Kuma's land, possessing cattle and horses. Then came the mother of Brigida. She counseled her grandchild not to

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Then came the father of Juan Bario on horseback. He said:

"I greet you. I am waiting for you. Your land is poor now but Kuma's land is good and rich. When you die you will be born in Kuma's land. I was living here with you, I died here, but I was alone in Kuma's land where I am wealthy. See, you are poor. I was the same way. It is different in Kuma's land. There is much cattle and horses. Live well with your wife. Treat her well. Kuma does not want you to do otherwise."

Then the shaman returned on horseback.

There is great reluctance on the part of the shaman to sing unless there is a strong reason for it. During my stay with the Yaruros many occasions presented themselves to justify the holding of shamanistic performances.

On one occasion I returned to camp after an absence of two days. This was enough. I arrived at their camp about 7.30 in the evening. Landaeta greeted me affectionately and then told me that he and his people considered me a member of the family. The women came to put their arms about me in greeting. Landaeta in one of his mystical moods talked of the beauty of the small fire with turtle roasting; of the sands glistening in the moonlight; the araguato monkeys which were roaring in the distance; the occasional birds that sang in the night; the toninos came up to blow and splash in the river. All of this fitted in with the soft murmur of women speaking, and laughing in the darkness. An occasional misfortune, such as dropping a sackful of stuff, brought merry laughter on everybody's part. The crunching of the sand gave notice that the women were digging deep to reach moist sand in which to bury the leaves to be used as cigar covers. Soon all of us, men, women, and children, were smoking.

The rest of Landaeta's people arrived in canoes. They sat on the sand with us. Landaeta talked with them at length. At a point he arose. His wife handed him some objects. He walked away to the west, immediately followed by one of his sons and a young nephew. He returned after a while, minus his trousers, wearing the shaman's breechclout and cap.

He went to sit alone at the bottom of the sand bank. After some time his wife gave him a cigar. He continued to sit alone and silent. At a sign his son and nephew took a slender pole and planted it in the sand. They retired. Men and women continued talking. After some time Landaeta rose, stood before the pole, smoking, facing it and the east. Several stars began to rise. He stood in front of the pole for some time. Then he weakly began to sing. After two songs his wife came to plant a shorter pole to the west of the long one, and hung from it a basket. Landaeta continued standing still and singing, pausing briefly between songs. His son went to stand behind him, his nephew at the left side of the